

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, No. 20.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912

PRICE 5 CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

Edmonton will on Monday vote on three by-laws, providing for the purchase of a trifle over \$400,000 worth of property. A first-class investment will be obtained in each case and the pity is that the move was not made in all three long ago. The sum of \$50,000 is required for additional land in connection with the telephone exchange, \$60,000 for the property on College Avenue and \$300,000 for the Hudson's Bay flat that has been for some years past used by the Golf club.

The purchase of the telephone building property does not afford any opportunity for argument. When the present structure was erected, it should have been evident that more land would ultimately be required. Why was it not secured then when the city would have had to pay so much less?

The Saturday News has been for five years back hammering at the idea of having the city secure all the land that was not occupied by permanent buildings facing the city square. Much of it, it was pointed out, would be required for public purposes and the rest of it could be redispensed of at a large profit when the square was improved and a city hall erected.

Now things are coming around exactly according to the forecasts made on this page. The city is forced to buy more property facing the square. In doing so, it has to pay several times the price that would have been asked some years ago. It is going on with the erection of a large municipal building on exactly the location that the Saturday News said it about time is at hand when it will be for public decency to turn the square into a park. All this gives the property a greater value and the city is obtaining the increase at all.

There is not much satisfaction in the past in these matters, or even in "I told you so." The only good reason that it may prevent similar mistakes. There will be a further large acreage when the municipal building is finished and out properly. Why should the city pay these at least?

As for the two park by-laws, we have a heavy price here for the lack of a little foresight of ten and fifteen years ago. The city is blamed severely for not making provision for its future in the way of furnishing parks. Its future was then very problematical and there was no question of what the property along the brow of the hill and the golf links should be done.

However, each week of delay only makes the situation worse and now that by-laws to effect before the people they should carry overwhelming majorities.

The two blocks along College Avenue, Grand Trunk hotel and the public square at this point and property still owned by the city, should be sold, known throughout the world as D. Quebec is.

As for the Hudson's Bay flat, beautiful bit of park land to be found in the city. The offer of the University of Alberta all its land on the south side from the water's edge, to the city, in case the by-law passes on Monday, completes a magnificent scheme.

What can be done with the hill-side at this point has been demonstrated by the good work which the old Strathcona council did with the park at the foot of Main street. With the expenditure of a trifling sum it was made into the most delightful retreat that was to be found in either city on a summer afternoon.

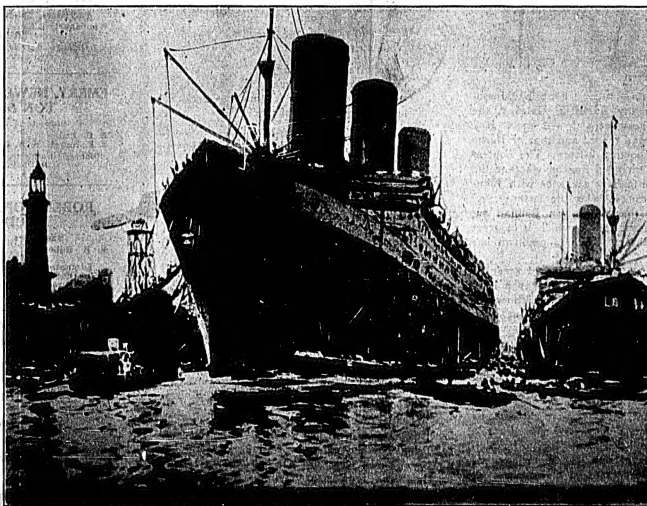
As for the land on the north side, the open space can be readily utilized for athletic grounds. The work that the golf club has done on it makes very little extra expense necessary, while the woods that skirt the river only need a few footpaths and drives made through them to make them something to dream about.

All should be interested in such a project as this, but especially those whose lot in life makes it necessary for them to spend practically their whole time at home. There is a strange idea abroad that park schemes are the particular concern of the well-to-do. One surely only needs to stop and think for a minute to realize that the people on whom the greatest boon is conferred are those who live in cramped and unlovely surroundings and who have not the means to get away, if only for a few days or weeks in the summer, to the wonders of God's great out-of-doors.

It would be nothing short of a crime if this by-law should be defeated on Monday.

The statement made by Alderman Clarke at the council meeting on Tuesday evening in reference to the circumstances attending the purchase of one of the lots on Elizabeth street calls for further enquiry. There has been much about this whole transaction that has excited suspicion and if this is to be allayed, those concerned in it on the city's behalf would do well to come out into the open and at least attempt a frank justification of their course.

The water problem we have always with us despite all kinds of pre-election promises. Mr. Huffman, the retiring superintendent of the power plant, made a clear case in the letter that he sent to the press in defending himself from the attacks made upon him in connection



with the stoppage of the supply last Saturday. Nearly two months ago he had written a letter to the commissioners pointing out the danger of just such an accident as that which actually occurred. We do not often get at the facts as closely as this, and in the absence of a satisfactory answer to Mr. Huffman the incident must be set down as a black mark against the men in charge.

The citizens cannot be expected to go into the details of the trouble. All that they are interested in is results. They want clear water and they do not wish to be exposed to the dangers which these constant breakdowns involve them in. As to the measures that are to be adopted to meet these requirements, it is up to the men to whom the work of administration has been entrusted to evolve these, and it is by their success in doing so that they are to be judged. Citizens have been very patient in the past but, at whatever cost, they now demand some assurance of improvement in the immediate future.

The information which the chief parole officer of the Dominion, Mr. W. P. Archibald, gave in regard to his work in the course of his address before the Edmonton Canadian club and in newspaper interviews, serves to disabuse our minds of many false ideas in respect to criminals. But two per cent of the men let out on parole by the Dominion authorities prove unworthy of the chance that is given them.

The trouble in the past has been that we are disposed to regard all who happen to commit an offence and receive a prison sentence as inherently bad, making no distinctions between them. As a matter of fact there are few of us, perhaps none, who could be depended upon to resist temptation under all possible circumstances. Bunyan used to declare that every time he was in custody, he said to himself "There goes my chance, but for the grace of God."

Something very wrong about a man or a woman is shown upon one of his kind, who has been of the law, as of a different clay. The difficulty with the parole system is not in the conduct of the men themselves but in the attitude towards them of the people with whom they have dealings. Consider how a man's past is apt to be in his face, it is remarkable that but two per cent on parole fail to come through the test.

Other hand there are undoubtedly those whose instincts are ineradicable and we have our treatment of these just as we had of those before the parole idea was adopted. The

Mecum brothers, sent down to Kingston penitentiary for safe keeping, was on this page a few weeks ago. During the time they made still another sensational and almost successful attempt to escape. Where their freedom makes absolutely no difference what the use, if they are not murderers several times over, is simply because of the greatest luck.

The use of keeping men like these locked up for term? It is not safe at any time to begin once again to prey on the public. The sentences for both classes of prisoners are what are required.

Mr. Olds did well to honor their representative House of Commons, Dr. Michael Clarke, they did this week. The banquet was a fine affair and Ottawa, and who has raised not only the tone of our public life. At the risk of putting oneself on the bad side of the law, of place to point out that long before Dr.

Clarke was even nominated, the Saturday News was very emphatically of the opinion that the means should be found by which he could be sent to parliament. He did good work from the first and now that his party is in opposition and he is free from the disadvantages under which a private member supporting a government must labor, he is accomplishing still more.

At the banquet to Dr. Clarke, Hon. A. G. MacKay, former Liberal leader of the Opposition in the Ontario legislature and still a member of that body, announced that it was his intention to make his home in Alberta. Mr. MacKay has for many years been the leading lawyer in Owen Sound. He is a man of fine ability in the full prime of life, and should prove no small acquisition to Alberta.

The movement of men who have been prominent in the public life of the east to the western provinces has been very remarkable during the past year or so. Only recently Mr. A. H. Clarke, president of the Ontario law society for a lengthy period and one of the best types of members of the House of Commons, where he represented South Essex in the Liberal interests, removed to Calgary, where he takes the place of Mr. Justice Walsh in the law firm of which he was the head before his elevation to the Bench.

The Titanic disaster still forms the chief subject of newspaper comment. But there is little that remains to be said about it. One thing is certain that the enquiry which has been going on at Washington is accomplishing nothing but harm. The only proper body to investigate is that appointed by the government of Great Britain under whose regulations the steamship was making its trip.

Most of those who had anything to do with the disaster came through the test well. This, however, cannot be said for the newspapers. The chances which the press agencies took with the truth simply to create a momentary sensation involve the whole profession of journalism in disgrace.

The average man is apt to blame his own local newspapers for the deception of which he is the victim.

(Continued on Page Four.)

Microfilmed by FLOFILM Process

SUB DIVISION

ELSIE JANIS

Appearing in "The Slim Princess" at the Empire to-night, Saturday, May 4th.



USING THE DICTOGRAPH TO OBTAIN EVIDENCE AGAINST CLARENCE DARROW

Darrow was attorney for the McNamara brothers in the dynamiting case. The picture shows how the conversations between Darrow and his attorney Hartington were heard and recorded by Robert J. Foster, chief investigator of the National Erectors' Association. Darrow and his lawyer occupied a room adjoining that used by the detectives, at the Hotel Haywood in Los Angeles. Foster is shown in the centre, and on either side are reporters.

American Press Service.

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, No. 20.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912

PRICE 5 CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

Edmonton will on Monday vote on three by-laws, providing for the purchase of a trifle over \$200,000 worth of property. A first-class investment will be obtained in each case and the city is that the move was not made in all three long ago. The sum of \$50,000 is required for additional land in connection with the telephone exchange, \$60,000 for the property on College Avenue and \$30,000 for the Hudson's Bay flat that has been for some years past used by the Golf club.

The purchase of the telephone building property does not afford any opportunity for argument. When the present structure was erected, it should have been evident that more land would ultimately be required. Why was it not secured then when the city would have had to pay so much less?

The Saturday News has been for five years back hammering at the idea of having the city secure all the land that was not occupied by permanent buildings facing the city square. Much of it, it was pointed out, would be required for public purposes and the rest of it could be redispensed of at a large profit when the square was improved and a city hall erected.

Now things are coming around exactly according to the forecasts made on this page. The city is forced to buy more property facing the square. In doing so, it has to pay several times the price that would have been asked some years ago. It is going on with the erection of a large municipal building on exactly the location that the Saturday News said it should occupy and the time is at hand when it will be forced for the sake of public decency to turn the square itself into a central park. All this gives the property round about much greater value and the city is obtaining no benefit from the increase at all.

There is not much satisfaction in going back over the past in these matters, or even in being able to say "I told you so." The only good that comes from it is that it may prevent similar mistakes in the future. There will be a further large accretion of value once the municipal building is finished and the square is laid out properly. Why should the city not take advantage of these at least?

As for the two park by-laws, we are also paying a heavy price here for the lack of a little foresight. The citizens of ten and fifteen years ago are hardly to be blamed severely for not making proper provision for its future in the way of furnishing it with open spaces. Its future was then very problematical. But five years ago there was no question of what it was going to be and the property along the brow of the hill on College Avenue and the golf links should then have been secured.

However, each week of delay only makes matters worse and now that by-laws to effect this are actually before the people they should carry these by overwhelming majorities.

The two blocks along College Avenue, which the Grand Trunk hotel and the public library already assured at this point and property still available for other handsome public buildings, should become as well known throughout the world as Dufferin Terrace in Quebec is.

As for the Hudson's Bay flat, there is no more beautiful bit of park land to be found on the continent. The offer of the University of Alberta, to transfer all its land on the south side from the brow of the hill to the water's edge, to the city, in case the by-law passes on Monday, completes a magnificent scheme.

What can be done with the hill-side at this point has been demonstrated by the good work which the old Strathcona council did with the park at the foot of Main street. With the expenditure of a trifling sum it was made into the most delightful retreat that was to be found in either city on a summer afternoon.

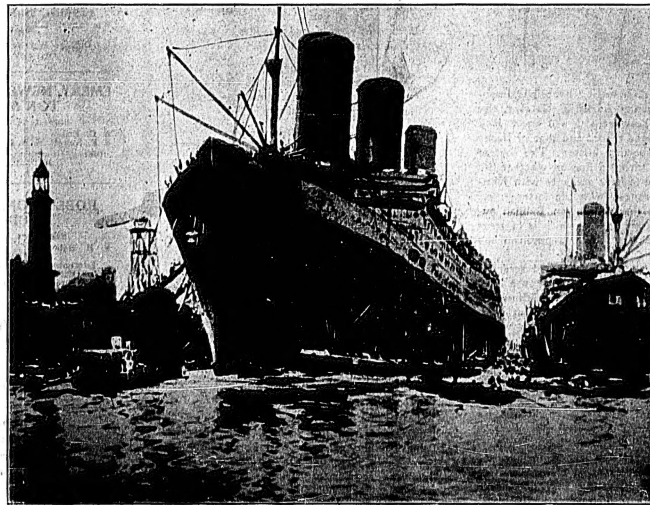
As for the land on the north side, the open space can be readily utilized for athletic grounds. The work that the golf club has done on it makes very little extra expense necessary, while the woods that skirt the river only need a few footpaths and drives made through them to make them something to dream about.

All should be interested in such a project as this, but especially those whose lot in life makes it necessary for them to spend practically their whole time at home. There is a strange idea abroad that park schemes are the particular concern of the well-to-do. One surely only needs to stop and think for a minute to realize that the people on whom the greatest boon is conferred are those who live in cramped and unlovely surroundings and who have not the means to get away, if only for a few days or weeks in the summer, to the wonders of God's great out-of-doors.

It would be nothing short of a crime if this by-law should be defeated on Monday.

The statement made by Alderman Clarke at the council meeting on Tuesday evening in reference to the circumstances attending the purchase of one of the lots on Elizabeth street calls for further enquiry. There has been much about this whole transaction that has excited suspicion and if this is to be allayed, those concerned in it on the city's behalf would do well to come out into the open and at least attempt a frank justification of their course.

The water problem we have always with us despite all kinds of pre-election promises. Mr. Huffman, the retiring superintendent of the power plant, made a clear case in the letter that he sent to the press in defending himself from the attacks made upon him in connection



BIGGER THAN THE TITANIC

The Hamburg American liner, Imperator, now nearing completion, at Hamburg. It is 900 feet in length.



ELSIE JANIS

Appearing in "The Slim Princess" at the Empire to-night, Saturday, May 4th.



USING THE DICTOGRAPH TO OBTAIN EVIDENCE AGAINST CLARENCE DARROW

Darrow was attorney for the McNamara brothers in the dynamiting case. The picture shows how the conversations between Darrow and his attorney Hartington were heard and recorded by Robert J. Foster, chief investigator of the National Erectors' Association. Darrow and his lawyer occupied a room adjoining that used by the detectives, at the Hotel Haywood in Los Angeles. Foster is shown in the centre, and on either side are reporters.

with the stoppage of the supply last Saturday. Nearly two months ago he had written a letter to the commissioners pointing out the danger of just such an accident as that which actually occurred. We do not often get at the facts as closely as this, and in the absence of a satisfactory answer to Mr. Huffman the incident must be set down as a black mark against the men in charge.

The citizens cannot be expected to go into the details of the trouble. All that they are interested in is results. They want clear water and they do not wish to be exposed to the dangers which these constant breakdowns involve them in. As to the measures that are to be adopted to meet these requirements, it is up to the men to whom the work of administration has been entrusted to evolve these, and it is by their success in doing so that they are to be judged. Citizens have been very patient in the past but, at whatever cost, they now demand some assurance of improvement in the immediate future.

The information which the chief parole officer of the Dominion, Mr. W. P. Archibald, gave in regard to his work in the course of his address before the Edmonton Canadian club and in newspaper interviews, serves to disabuse our minds of many false ideas in respect to criminals. But two per cent of the men let out on parole by the Dominion authorities prove unworthy of the chance that is given them.

The trouble in the past has been that we are disposed to regard all who happen to commit an offence and receive a prison sentence as inherently bad, making no distinction between them. As a matter of fact there are few of us, perhaps none, who could be depended upon to resist temptation under all possible circumstances. John Bunyan used to declare that every time he saw a man in custody, he said to himself "There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God."

There is something very wrong about a man or a woman who looks upon one of his kind, who has been in the toils of the law, as of a different clay. The difficulty with the parole system is not in the conduct of the released prisoners themselves but in the attitude towards them of the people with whom they have dealings. When one considers how a man's past is apt to be thrown up in his face, it is remarkable that but two per cent of those on parole fail to come through the test.

On the other hand there are undoubtedly those whose criminal instincts are ineradicable and we have need to alter our treatment of these just as we had of the others before the parole idea was adopted. The case of the Mecum brothers, sent down to Kingston from the Manitoba penitentiary for safer keeping, was referred to on this page a few weeks ago. During the past week they made still another sensational and almost successful attempt to escape. Where their freedom is at stake, it makes absolutely no difference what the means they use. If they are not murderers several times over, it is simply because of the great luck.

What is the use of keeping men like these locked up for a stated term? It is not safe at any time to let them out, to begin once again to prey on the public. Indeterminate sentences for both classes of prisoners are undoubtedly what are required.

The people of Olds did well to honor their representative in the House of Commons, Dr. Michael Clarke, in the way they did this week. The banquet was a fine tribute to a man who has done much for the whole of Western Canada at Ottawa, and who has raised not a little the whole tone of our public life. At the risk of being accused of patting oneself on the back unduly, it is not out of place to point out that long before Dr. Clarke was even nominated, the Saturday News was very emphatically of the opinion that the means should be found by which he could be sent to parliament. He did good work from the first and now that his party is in opposition and he is free from the disadvantages under which a private member supporting a government must labor, he is accomplishing still more.

At the banquet to Dr. Clarke, Hon. A. G. MacKay, former Liberal leader of the Opposition in the Ontario legislature and still a member of that body, announced that it was his intention to make his home in Alberta. Mr. MacKay has for many years been the leading lawyer in Owen Sound. He is a man of fine ability in the full prime of life, and should prove no small acquisition to Alberta.

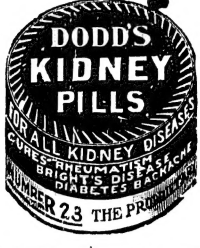
The movement of men who have been prominent in the public life of the east to the western provinces has been very remarkable during the past year or so. Only recently Mr. A. H. Clarke, president of the Ontario law society for a lengthy period and one of the best types of members of the House of Commons, where he represented South Essex in the Liberal interests, removed to Calgary, where he takes the place of Mr. Justice Walsh in the law firm of which he was the head before his elevation to the Bench.

The Titanic disaster still forms the chief subject of newspaper comment. But there is little that remains to be said about it. One thing is certain that the enquiry which has been going on at Washington is accomplishing nothing but harm. The only proper body to investigate is that appointed by the government of Great Britain under whose regulations the steamship was making its trip.

Most of those who had anything to do with the disaster came through the test well. This, however, cannot be said for the newspapers. The chances which the press agencies took with the truth simply to create a momentary sensation involve the whole profession of journalism in disgrace.

The average man is apt to blame his own local newspapers for the deception of which he is the victim.

(Continued on Page Four.)



In A Field

(Continued from Last Week.)

"At all events to stay here for a little time," I said, "would be delicious."

"I am nothing, nothing."

"If it were so peaceful everywhere in Mexico!" I said.

"Ah! well," observed Prisciliano, "the pulque does a lot of harm."

"It was the revolution I was thinking of."

"What revolution? When?" he asked.

"Madero's—surely you have heard of it? For months it has been going on, all over Mexico."

"You speak the truth? A revolution? And there was some killing, tell me! It is said," he mused, "yes, very sad that men will not be satisfied. You do not know the village over there?"

"Pues, I have heard things. . . and, who knows? if I were living in that place perhaps I also should not be well satisfied. Who knows?"

"Madero was not satisfied," I said, "with Don Porfirio."

"He scowled. 'But Don Porfirio,' he said, 'is Don Porfirio. . . And what succeeded?'"

"This will all be a Republic now, with free elections and—"

"What did he do with Madero? Had I see him hanging from a tree, or did they do it in a prison? He is very great, our Don Porfirio. He is the greatest man of all the Republic. Truly he is a man." Prisciliano gazed at me with some defiance. "Si, señor," he said. "B-t it is cold. I am detaining you."

The fiery color had all vanished from the dead volcano. Everywhere the same grey mist was being spread; the last of all the flame had tried to find a refuge in the windy sky.

Prisciliano rose. "With your permission," he remarked, "and over there you have your house. But it is cold, is it not?"

"Until another time," I said. "We have been talking much—and we have had no music."

He put back the flute inside his hat. "I wish I could have played for you," I said.

"Many times I thank you," said Prisciliano, "for when there is anyone who plays to me I am more pleased than any drunkard. I am going." And he started with his wooden plough and as if he would continue all the night.

He travelled down the field with even steps, apparently not looking to the left or right. He was the very spirit of the Indian race—indomitable, persevering, slow. One fancied that he had been ploughing and would plough for ever, and that if this became the voice of sirens he would not be interrupted.

Then suddenly he stopped. By this time he was far away, but as the great sombrero moved a trifle one could know his head was sinking forward.

Thus he stayed, a lonely figure, while the wind was playing with his flimsy garments. Against the sombre background of the earth and air he was a motionless, white statue. Yes, for he was the belated statue of the armies of the soil, that have conferred their monuments on kings and captains.

While the shadows, like a flock of friendly birds, were gathering about him, at his feet and on his shoulders, he remained as if he were oppressed by grievous or inextinguishable thoughts. And then he grasped the plough once more and strode away into the darkness.

HENRY BAERLEIN,

—In Fortnightly Review

Do not give your family food made with alum baking powder. Use Magic Baking Powder. Costs no more than the ordinary kinds and is guaranteed not to contain alum. All ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if they are on the brand you are now using. All up-to-date Grocers sell and recommend "Magic."



We are to have a first-class boxing bout in Edmonton on May 23, when Tommy Burns of Calgary, the former world's champion heavyweight, will meet Jack Connell. The latter has a good record and that of Burns is, of course, a matter of sporting history. The contest will be of great interest in giving a line on whether the former champion is in shape to have a chance with Johnson, should a match be arranged with the latter.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck the well-known Belgian author, had this to say in a recent article, which is of great interest in view of the criticism to which pugilism has been exposed:

"I remember that in speaking of the sword recently, being wrapt up in my subject. I was more than a little unjust towards that one particular weapon with which nature has endowed us—the fist. It is incumbent upon me to make reparation for the injustice." So writes Maeterlinck. The writer proceeds to contrast the merits of natural and artificial weapons, and devotes a considerable amount of thought to the extraordinary bout that the veriest insect is better equipped for self-protection than we.

"Take for example, the ant, says he; a weight of some ten or twenty thousand pounds upon its body seems in no way to inconvenience it. Take, again, the cockchafer, the least robust of the Coleoptera, and experiment as to the amount of pressure necessary to crack the casing of its stomach. As for the powers of resistance of a snail, they are to all intents and purposes limitless. And yet our one natural weapon of defence is the fist, by means of which nature intended us to ward off all onslaughts on our otherwise flabby exterior."

"The study of boxing offers us admirable lessons in humility, and throws a most precious, if disturbing, light on the dormancy of some of our instincts. We soon discover that in all that concerns the usage of our members, agility, address, muscular power, resistance to hardship, we have fallen to the lowest rank among the mammalia. Looking at it from this point of view, in a well-ordered hierarchy, we should hold a modest position 'twixt the frog and the sheep. The kick of the horse, the gore of the bull, the bite of the dog, are mechanically and automatically perfect. No amount of scientific teaching could make their use of their natural weapons more effective than it is. But we, haughty rulers of the animal world—we do not know how to punch. We need a master to teach us how to concentrate in the arm the relatively enormous strength of shoulder and back."

"Just look for a moment at two peasants who come to blows; nothing is more pitiful. After copious oburgations and menaces and sundry flourishes, they seize each other by the throat and hair, kick haphazard, bite, scratch and tear in helpless rage, not daring to strike a good blow, but occasionally indulging in little impotent jabs. Such a spectacle can but fill the onlooker with shame for his kind. On the other hand, two trained boxers; no useless words, no braggadocio, no anger; just two men calm and certain of themselves, who know what to do and when it should be done. When it is all over, and one of them is vanquished, there is no resentment. The best man you, frankly and fairly. There is no abusing, no damage done to the vanquished save

for a temporary unconsciousness or impotence. Thus does boxing prove its merits; thus does it produce beneficial results in flabby mankind."

Once more the fan—and fan-ess—
Are filled with joy and hope;
Once more the daily papers
Are full of wondrous dope.

Once more is conversation
Adorned with startling terms;
Once more the open season
For active baseball germs.

Once more 'tween crowded benches
The yelling youngster goes,
With candy, gum and peanuts
And no respect for toes.

Once more heroic sluggers
Win momentary fame,
Or smash the air to fragments—
Repeating Casey's shame.

Once more the friendless umpire
Is viciously put right,
And told that strongest glasses
Might help his failing sight.

Once more from office duties
The boy trile ask release;
Once more their fathers' fathers
Conveniently decease.

Once more the myriad faithful
Are answering the call,
And plying such as never
Rejoice to hear, "Play ball!"

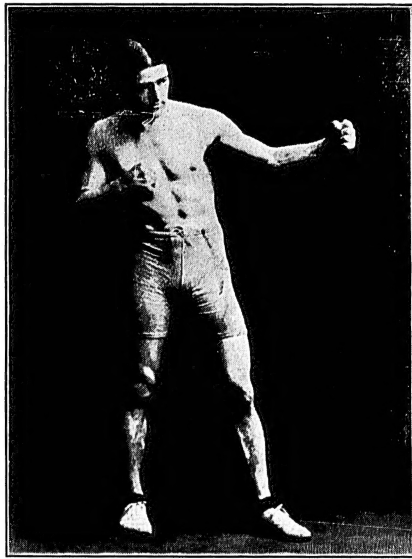
The first baseball match of the season in Edmonton, that on Monday, with Winnipeg, was a good exhibition, and though Winnipeg won by 4-3, the Edmonton players made a very good impression.

The experiment that is being tried with the Alberta baseball league will be watched with interest. The great bulk of the games are to be in Edmonton and Calgary, as Red Deer and Bassano are not large enough to stand the regular proportion. Red Deer plays 41 times in Edmonton and Bassano, while Calgary comes here but 14 times.

Miss Dorothy Campbell, of Hamilton, has been doing credit to her city and country on Uncle Sam's golf links. To prove his appreciation of her skill, "Hek," of the Chicago Tribune, writes the following touching lines:

Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton, Can.,
Uses brassie and putter as well as a man.
A credit she is to her country an' clan,
Miss Dorothy Campbell, of Hamilton, Can.

In the opening match of the Edmonton cricket season a team from the Edmonton clubs beat one representing the rest of the city league by 125 to 42. Morse with



JACK CONNELL, of Edmonton, middle and heavyweight champion of Mexico, who will box ten rounds with Tommy Burns, heavyweight champion of Canada, at the Granite Rink, May 23, under the auspices of the Edmonton Athletic Club. Connell's measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet, 8 inches; weight, 175 pounds; reach, 72 1/2 inches; age, 28 years; born at Vancouver, B. C.

ing could make their use of their natural weapons more effective than it is. But we, haughty rulers of the animal world—we do not know how to punch. We need a master to teach us how to concentrate in the arm the relatively enormous strength of shoulder and back.

"Just look for a moment at two peasants who come to blows; nothing is more pitiful. After copious oburgations and menaces and sundry flourishes, they seize each other by the throat and hair, kick haphazard, bite, scratch and tear in helpless rage, not daring to strike a good blow, but occasionally indulging in little impotent jabs. Such a spectacle can but fill the onlooker with shame for his kind. On the other hand, two trained boxers; no useless words, no braggadocio, no anger; just two men calm and certain of themselves, who know what to do and when it should be done. When it is all over, and one of them is vanquished, there is no resentment. The best man you, frankly and fairly. There is no abusing, no damage done to the vanquished save

38 and Hardisty, with 20, not out, were top scorers for the winners.

The result serves to demonstrate the danger pointed out in this department some weeks ago. The Edmonton club is apt to prove very much stronger than the other members of the league and interest be accordingly lost. To avoid this, it may be necessary for some of the best of the players of the old organization to join some of the other teams or leave the club put two teams into the field of as nearly equal strength as possible.

The Australian cricketers have sailed for England without Trumper, Hill, Armstrong or Ransford. There are only three or four tried players on the team. Under the circumstances, the veterans having picked up a row over the financial arrangements, it is to be hoped that the colony makes a good showing, but there is little reason to believe that it will.

(Continued on Page Four.)

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review
Published by
Saturday News, Limited.
Subscription Rates:
Edmonton \$2.00 per year.
Outside points in Canada, \$1.50 per year.
Foreign \$2.00 per year.



LEGAL

SHORT, CROSS & BIGGAR
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Wm. Short, K.C. H. Cross, O. W. Cross
O. M. Biggar
Office: Merchants Bank Building. . . .
MONEY TO LOAN.

EMERY, NEWELL, FORD, BOLTON & MOUNT

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
R. G. Emery, Frank Ford, K.C.
O. F. Newell, S. E. Bolton, C. B. F. Mount.
Office: Canada Permanent Building,
McNall Avenue.

ROBERTSON, DICKSON & MACDONALD

Barristers and Solicitors
E. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan.
Office: 224 Jasper Avenue S.
Over the Northern Crown Bank
MONEY TO LOAN.

HYNDMAN & HYNDMAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
J. D. Hyndman, H. H. Hyndman
Cable address: "Daman."
Solicitors for the Royal Bank of Canada.
McDougall Court, Edmonton, Canada.
MONEY TO LOAN.

E. B. COGSWELL

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
235 Jasper Ave., East
Edmonton, Alberta.

RUTHERFORD, JAMIESON & GRANT

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries.
Hon. A. G. Rutherford, P. C. Jamieson,
Chas. H. Grant.
Edmonton: McDougall Court, Phone 444.
Strathcona: Imp. Bank Bldg. Phone 422.

MEDICAL

C. NEWBERRY COBBETT

M.D., M.Ch., Edin.
638 Fourth Street
Phone: 1785 and 1094.
Consultations, 9:30 a.m. and 14 p.m.
Practice limited to Surgery; especially abdominal diseases and diseases of Women.

DR. W. HAROLD BROWN

Post Graduate of Philadelphia
Foliclinic Jefferson and New York Hospitals.
Practice limited to eye, ear, nose and throat.
Office: Credit Foncier Block,
Bldg. 2, 4 and 5, Phone 1210.
Hours 10 to 12:30; 1:30 to 6 p.m.

OSTEOPATHY

GHOSLEY and ALBRIGHT

GRADUATE OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS
"Health is synonymous with Wealth and Power." Osteopathy cures acute and chronic diseases where other systems fail. We treat you to call at our offices. Consultation free. Phone or write for booklet explaining Osteopathy.
411, 11 Alberta Block. Phone 444
427 Jasper West.

C. VIOLA McNEAL,

Graduate under the Founder,
Andrew Taylor Still. Licensed
to practice in Missouri, Idaho and Washington.

Office: 417 Jasper Ave. W.
Phone 4542.

Residence: 16 Wise Block.
Phone 5297.

ACCOUNTANTS

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS

Registered Architects
F. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
C. Lionel Gibbs, M.A.A., A.A.
Imperial Bank Bldg. Jasper E. Edmonton
P.O. Box 239.

JAMES HENDERSON,

F.R.I.B.A., A.A.A.
Architect.
Oriental Block, 42 Jasper Ave. West.
Edmonton.

WILSON & HERRARD

Architect and Structural Engineer
Respectfully.
Edmonton: Room 16 Credit Foncier Block.
Phone 4215.
Strathcona: Room 7 and 8 Bank of Montreal.
Phone 316.

E. C. HOPKINS, F.A.I.C.,

A.A.C.
Registered Architect,
132 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta.

EDMUND WRIGHT

Structural and Consulting Engineer
Plans and Estimates.
100 West & 10th Block, 1175 Street.
Phone 422.

EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Edward F. Webb

Eyesight Specialist

Graduate Chicago '03

Best known faculties and methods used in examining the eyes. New features in cosmetic eye glasses.

Suite 1, 2, 3, 4 Garland Bldg.

Howard & Jasper Ave., Edmonton

THE CAPITAL LOAN CO., Ltd.

47 Jackson Bldg. Phone 4642

We conduct a mortgage Clearing House for both borrower and lender. To the borrower we offer a variety of plans and Companies. Mortgages and Agreements negotiated.

TURKISH BATHS

MADAME DE TRO

Turkish Baths

The original and Odest Establishment, 420 Namayoo Avenue. Hours by appointment. Consultation free. Phone 2634.

SURVEYORS

MAURICE KIMPE

Dominion and Alberta Land Surveyors.
Vice-Consul of Belgium.
248 Jasper Ave. E. Telephone 233.

MUSIC

MISS BEATRICE CRAWFORD

Teacher of Piano.
Accompanist.

Studio: Alberta College.

TAILORING

T. HINDLE

Suits and Overcoats Made to Measure
A select stock of Ready-to-Wear Goods always on hand.
Direct Importers of English Made Shirts.
Wholesale and Retail.
Address: 125 Jasper Ave. W.
Room 2, P.O. Box 625. Phone 1095.
Edmonton, Alta.

PANTORIUMS

THE CITY PANTORIUM

W. R. WESTROPE, Prop.
Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing neatly done.
Phone 1775. 455 Fourth Street.

BAKERS, ETC.

CHARLES BROWN

Baker and Confectioner
"M. M. Bread"

EDMONTON RUBBER STAMP CO.

Makers of Rubber Stamps and Seals. Dealers in all stamp supplies.

154 Jasper E., Phone 1330
(Entrance through Edmonton Drug Co.)

FRANK H. GASSON

Resident Manager for N. Alberta,
General Accident Assurance Co.
Canadian Casualty Boiler Inc. Co.
Travelers Life Assurance Co.
UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
Phones—Office 2958 & 4812.



The Original and Only Genuine — Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merit of Minard's Liniment

FRANK H. GASSON

Insurance Specialist,
UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
EDMONTON

EMPIRE THEATRE

SATURDAY
MAY 4thSpecial Limited Canadian Transcontinental Tour
Embracing VANCOUVER, CALGARY, EDMON-
TON and WINNIPEG

FIRST TIME IN EDMONTON

Charles Dillingham Presents

All America's Prime Favorite

ELSIE
JANIS

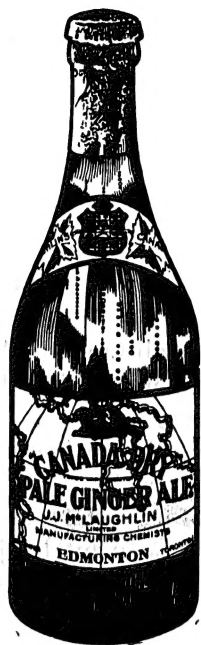
In George Ade's Latest Musical Comedy Triumph

THE SLIM PRINCESS

Libretto by Henry Blossom. Music by Leslie Stuart

WITH

JOSEPH CAWTHORN

and a Great 80 Beautiful Production Direct from the
Company of Globe Theatre New York
Lots of Girls—Lots of Laughs—Lots of TonesPRICES \$3.00 2.50 2.00 GALLERY \$1.00
SEAT SALE OPENS MONDAYMcLaughlin's
"Canada Dry"

PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals—Appetizing, Refreshing
All Grocers and Liquor Stores

J.B. Mercer

Choice Wines, Liquors and
Cigars. Agents for Calgary
Beer, Mackie's White Horse
Whiskey, Stanley Mineral Wa-
ters and Dry Ginger Ale.

PHONE 1415

EDMONTON

Harper and Trinity College.
I ought to have sent you to sea.
But I've stood you an education
And what have you stood for me?The scene is laid in a small room of one of the big
office buildings in town.

It is two-thirty.

I have drifted up to a sitting of the Juvenile Court,
mostly, I fear, because I had promised to do so. My
mind is still back at the Bazaar luncheon which I have
just left. I am thinking of the case of a young man I
saw there, and wondering if "in these cases we still have
judgment here."And then I am brought back to my present surround-
ings by hearing Mr. Chadwick give the order: "Bring
in the boy for the first case."Somehow the word hurts. And yet dear knows, in
connection with boys it is familiar enough. Hitherto it
has always suggested pranks. Now I know we have
more than mischief afoot.Behind the desk Archdeacon Gray and Mr. Gilbert,
both good fellows in ordinary life, are looking grave
and troubled.Enter the "First Case." Age given as ten or eleven.
He is a determined looking boy who evidently has
his wits about him. The eyes are steady and rebel-
lious, the mouth very firm. I can't help thinking that
he has the possibilities of developing into a first-class
criminal. That, or being an honest man with infinite
resource.He is charged with stealing a silver hand instrument
from the Rink, and pleads guilty. His acknowledgment
is in the nature of a sullen statement of an undisputed
fact.Somehow I get the impression that he has a grouse
against the world, and that he is a fatalist, working out
his infinitesimal part in a great puzzling scheme of
things. Next case comes on, the details of the former
one being temporarily held over. The boy retires.The present charge involves two culprits, brothers,
neither of them over ten years of age. Both have flaxen
hair, bright blue eyes, and the fair transparent skin that
seems incapable of concealing any emotion.I notice their fingers are working nervously, that
the little chap is swallowing very hard, and that there
is a suspicious throbbing at the side of his throat, that

A LACE GOWN WITH TUCKING.

Very effective is this vandyked border of lace and
pintucking, and the vandyked border is repeated on the
bodice, outlining the surplised fronts. Heavy Venise
lace combined with the delicate Valenciennes is smart
and effective also. This frock, so simple in itself, is made
distinctive by its accessories—the graceful hat with new
tam crown and long streamers of black velvet, the white
striped parasol with carved imitation ivory handle and
cordeliere handle; and the buttoned boots of white buck-
skin.reminds me of my canary's flutterings when anything
has frightened him.

Poor little human birds!

But indeed there is grave reason for these small chaps
being present where they are to-day.On the desk in front of them are a miscellaneous col-
lection of watches, keys, gold eye-glasses, revolvers, a
cash box, bracelets, etc., that betoken that some busy
hands have been getting in their work.To my infinite astonishment I hear these babies—for
they are little more—plead guilty with another slightly
older boy, to having taken the lot of them. They tell
their story under oath. Mr. Chadwick first explaining
very clearly the solemn nature of the evidence they may
give after kissing the Good Book.The children seem wholly conscious of the position,
and tell their story for the most part in response to quiet
questioning on the part of Mr. Chadwick. In this court
room there is an entire absence of the type of cross-
examination that obtains in a regular court. No one is
out to trip up a witness. No smart-aleck methods lurk
in secret places to catch a fellow by surprise. There is
no quibbling, no technicalities are brought forward.What the judges aim at, is to get the story from the
boy's point of view.

What did he do?

Why did he do it?

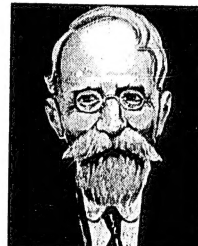
Half the time Mr. Chadwick, big brother-wise, has
his hand resting on the witness' shoulder to help him
along. There is an entire absence of bullying or badger-
ing. All the cross-questioner requires is the truth.And the boys, according to their individual natures,
respond to these wise methods. Some need close ques-
tioning others are anxious to unburden their minds. In
the instance in hand the Superintendent of Neglected
Children leaves the boys pretty much to themselves to
tell their tale. The first charge read is that the two of
them entered a tent and removed two pair of gold-
rimmed glasses, a fob and a scarf-pin."Tell the Court," says Mr. Chadwick, "how you did
it; how you came to enter this tent?""Well, we was coming by the place this night," the
older boy takes the story up, and proceeds to describe
the entire incident. Interrupted from time to time by
the little fellow, he tells of their breaking in the screen
door, and then unfastening the inside one. Of their then
easy entrance, the position of things in the room.It is marvelous his accuracy in sizing up the situa-
tion. Later they hide the things, but tell some other
chaps what they have done, and of course in time the
police hear of it. Practically each case that came up
was a duplicate of the one I have described, the inci-
dents only varying in detail.In some houses revolvers were taken, loaded revolv-
ers. "What were these for?" questions Mr. Chadwick
or one of the judges."Please, sir, for adventure, sir. To shoot birds, or
play soldier," answers the boy. "I didn't mean to do
no harm." "But you wouldn't shoot an innocent little
bird, would you," queries Mr. Gray."Please sir, yes, sir," says the innocent looking
would-be slayer.The booty we further learn was hidden in caves, or
a shack, in which a "gang" was wont to resort.In this shack, the rendezvous of a score and more of
boys, young and old, they had a moving picture show,
given by means of a magic lantern. The pictures were
mostly of wash-women and barbers. The admittance
was a beer-bottle. Mostly little girls were the patrons.When they came, they were given bags of stale
chocolates, stolen from a wholesale warehouse. In this
"den" it was common knowledge that the various boys
"lifted" things. Here the hand instrument was taken
Late hours were much affected by the gang. They
"turned in" often, long after their parents were asleep.Twelve and one sometimes found them on the street.
They smoked cubels, and the moving-picture shows and
candy shops got most of their money.In all this do you not see the eternal call of the
man-child, thirsting for adventure? A cave, latch keys,
hours out under the stars, pistols, bold companions
The world-old protest of every active boy against con-
stituted authority, discipline, and the drabness of a life
devoid of adventure.Of course we didn't learn all this from the two small
chaps in question. Other boys have been called in and
added their quota of information.At one time most of "the gang" stood before us in
a body. They were a formidable looking study of mis-
chief, run riot; of young strength and alertness banded
together with infinite possibilities for making trouble.
Looking at them I realized, perhaps for the first time,
what Richard Whiteing was getting at when he makes
Tilda the fighting flower-girl in his "No. 5 John St."exclaim:
"Oh, why didn't yer ketch me when I was a kid, I
wasn't made right at the start, I was a bit o' slop work
That's jest what's the matter with all on us in John St.
We wants pickin' all to pieces, and if you begins that,
you'll only tear the stuff. Give the young uns a chance
in their cradles, an' let the old uns die off; then you'll
see a change."These are the young 'uns! Half of them, indeed pre-
cious few of them, are getting a square deal. This I
plainly see, for now the parents are before us giving
their side of the case. The father of the flaxen-haired
babies, who says he has no control over his kids. That
they come in mostly when they please.

He is an honest looking hard-working widower

(Continued on Page Eight.)

DOCTORS COULD
NOT HELP
MY KIDNEYS

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Me



MR. GEO. W. BARKLEY

CHESTERVILLE, ONT., JAN. 25th, 1911

"For over twenty years, I have been
troubled with Kidney Disease and the
doctors told me they could do me no
good. They said my case was incurable
and I would suffer all my life. I
doctored with different medical men
and tried many advertised remedies,
but there was none that suited my case.
Nearly a year ago, I tried 'Fruit-a-lives',
I have been using them nearly all the
time since, and am glad to say that I am
cured. I have no trouble now with my
Kidneys and I give 'Fruit-a-lives' the
credit of doing what the doctors said
was impossible. I am seventy-six
years old and am in first class health."
—GEO. W. BARKLEY.50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or sent on receipt of price
by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.OUR NEW DOMINION BANK
MANAGERHenry Ransford, for some years in
charge of the branch of the Dominion
Bank near the C.P.R. depot, has been
promoted to the management of the
Edmonton branch. Mr. Ransford has
become well known in Winnipeg since
he came there a few years ago. He has
that happy manner which sticks
pleasantly in a man's memory. There
is no man in Winnipeg that can turn
down a request for a loan with less
pain than Mr. Ransford. Mr. Patton
perhaps realized that this quality
would be of great service to the
Bank at Edmonton, just now when
that city is suffering very much from
an acute attack of boomitis. The bug
boomitis attacks the banks and in
consequence, their general health at
danger points has to be very care-
fully watched. Mr. Ransford's genial
countenance and his sunny ways will
no doubt be able to jolly the bugs
into getting the dough to do their
booming without touching any of the
gold belonging to the Dominion Bank.
And the bank won't suffer.Edmonton, however, is a growing
point. It will be the site of a big city
in the near future. At the present
time it is passing through a critical
period—one of those periods in which
banking reputations are put to a se-
vere strain. Good luck to Mr. Rans-
ford. He will be missed in Winnipeg.
Edmonton will be much better off by
having him—Winnipeg Town Topics.

NATIONAL POSTIME.

A merchant may sell a
New silver umbrella,
But not very often, I ween
From what I can gather
Most persons would rather
Collect their umbrellas unseenOnce, when I was youthful
And honest and truthful
I bought one—Invested my tin;
And then to my sorrow,
I found on the morrow
That some one had gathered it inSince then I have won'ered
And figured and pondered
In vain for a clue to my loss;
Likewise I've inspected
And lightly collected
Umbrellas that I've run acrossThe mention of stealing
To me brings a feeling
Of sorrow and anguish and shame,
But taking umbrellas
Is known very well as
The popular national game.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS
Do you want to see the results
from your pictures?
If you want to see the results
from your pictures, send us
your pictures and we will
send you the results.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

(Continued from Page Two.)

It seems that Billy Fitzgerald, the Ontario lacrosse player, did not stay bought by Vancouver at the price of \$3,500 for the season. The following from the Toronto News throws a lurid light on the conditions surrounding our so-called national game:

It is estimated that it will cost President R. J. Fleming of the Toronto Lacrosse Club fully \$25,000 this year to run his team of all-stars at the Beach. The lowest priced man in his Menagerie will draw down at least \$800, while the others will collect anything from \$1,500 to \$4,500 for their twenty weeks lay off from real work. Here is "Billy" Fitzgerald, who at the outside could not secure more than \$25 a week at his ordinary vocation commanding the comparatively stupendous salary of \$4,000 for less than half a year's play.

Is he worth it? Not by a long chalk. Nobody knows any better than Mr. Fleming himself that from a purely playing standpoint, Fitzgerald is not worth more than a thousand dollars, but in order to prevent Con. Jones from getting him, the T. R. S. boss went to the "link." He had to do so as the player in question had \$500 of Jones' money in his jeans and a contract calling for \$3,500. Mr. Fleming raised the anti to \$1,000, and Fitzgerald sent back the Western magnate's paltry amount.

New it is understood that Jones is on his way east with blood in his optics and it would not be surprising if the St. Kitt's star did another flip flop. But if he does so it will have to be over somebody's dead body, as according to the story going the rounds, an agent of the Toronto Lacrosse Club went over to St. Catharines for the ostensible purpose of "cinching" the player, but really to spirit him away until the "Pirate King" from Vancouver has finished his visit.

The Bulletin heads the following "A New Idea":

Harry Davis, late of the Philadelphia Athletics, and now of the Cleveland Naps, is out to make every championship game of baseball war to the death Davis through the press agent at Cleveland, is against this friendship stuff. The fans don't like to see rival players shake hands on the field. It doesn't look like real rivalry when they do. Davis goes further. He has ordered the Naps not to mingle with the opposing team in batting and fielding practice. He has ordered the Naps to get off the field when the bell rings for the other team's practice session before the game. "It doesn't look as though a ball game would be a real battle, when the players shake hands and visit back and forth before the bell rings," said Davis. "Friendship ceases at a certain point in baseball, and the earlier the better. Most ball players know no friends while they are on the field, and none should."

The Olympic trials at Fort Saskatchewan on May 24 are being looked forward to eagerly. The Victoria Day sports at the town down the C. N. R. have done much to encourage athletics in this part of the west in the past and are always well worth attending.

There is not much that is new about the idea. In fact it is just this spirit which has made so many enemies for baseball. If a sport does not encourage friendly and generous rivalry, it is not worth anything.

THE COWBOY'S RETURN.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, with your wheels,
Aeroplanes, wagons and automobiles.
Dress me once more in sombrero that flaps,
Spurs, and a flannel shirt, slicker and Chaps.
Put a six-shooter or two in my hand,
Show me a yearling to rope and to brand,
Out where the sage brush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a broncho that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance,
New to the feeling of brides and bits.
Give me a quirt that will sting where it hits,
Strap on the poncho behind in a roll,
Pass me the lariat, dear to my soul,
O'er the trail let me gallop away,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs on the range as you ride,
Hissing of iron, and smoking of hide,
Bellow of cattle and snort of cayuse,
Shorthorns from Texas as wild as the deuce,
Midnight stampede, and the milling of herds,
Yells of the cowmen too angry for words,
Right in the thick of it all I would stay,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Campfire and coffee and comfort at last.
(Bacon that sizzles and crisps in the pan,
After the round-up smells good to a man.)
Stories of ranchers and rustlers retold,
Over the pipes as the embers grow cold—
These are the tunes that old memories play,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

—Rorodore Theovelt in Leslie's.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from Page One.)

This is hardly fair. They accept the despatches that are sent to them in good faith. But it is apparent that in their own interests they should see to it that the men in charge of the sending out of the news are called to account.

In most cases the offence can be traced to the offices of the Hears publications. A few weeks ago there was a false report in circulation of the Pope's death. The newspapers that merely announced this were innocent victims of a mistake. But what are we to think of a despatch supposedly from Rome, that the New York American published, a paragraph from which follows:

"Just before the Pontiff yielded up his spirit he spoke in sweetest accents to those around his bedside, whose prayers for his passing soul were broken by quiet sobbing. The Pope's death brought a fainting spell, which brought his sisters and his confessor, Cardinal Vivesy Tulo, quickly to his bedside."

Home and Society

Of the smart society events of last week, first in importance was Mrs. Arthur Murphy's dance in the Cecil Hotel, on Friday evening.

Society was there in force. Society in its very best bibs and tuckers, everyone apparently eager for a dance, which anticipations what with the kindest of hosts, a splendid floor, capital music (Turner's), and the jolly crowd present, were all more than realized. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and their two daughters received their guests at the entrance to the ball room.

Mrs. Murphy was wearing a very handsome toilette of rich ivory satin, veiled in an over dress of beautiful old lace, little raised flowers in soft pinks and blues, being introduced on the decollete. In her hair was a bird of paradise osprey.

The Misses Murphy were both dressed in charming pink frocks, Miss Kathleen's being of shell pink satin with an over-dress of soft nixon, trimmed with deep fringe, and a wide black velvet sash. In her hair she wore a band of pearls. Miss Evelyn's was of coral pink satin, made very simply and girlishly; with it she wore a string of corals, and little pink rosebuds in her hair.

There were many other pretty and striking gowns worn. Some I noticed, were

Mrs. Bower Campbell in a lovely black charmeuse creation, with draperies of the most beautiful black lace, a panel effect in the back forming a long lace train.

Mrs. Percy Barnes in most becoming black net over satin, with jet garnitures.

Mrs. Turnbull in such a sweet silver gray gown, with lovely lace and gold and lavender embroideries.

Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald in black.

Mrs. Howard Douglas, in a striking creation of gold tissue and white, over heavy white satin, the bodice draped in pink flowered chiffon and real lace.

Mrs. Saunders, elegantly gowned in turquoise blue satin, with a silver mesh tunic, the whole aglow with sparkling crystal sequins. She also wore some fine diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Purdee, looking exceptionally well in gold charmeuse satin, with some handsome draperies of lace and embroidery.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, also in gold satin, trimmed with the loveliest Limerick lace.

Mrs. Arthur Sifton, who was looking on, wearing as usual one of the smartest gowns, a creation of white satin, with an over-dress of bugled net, the bodice swathed in a scarf effect combining cerise, royal blue and white chiffons. About her neck a rope of pearls.

Mrs. Clark Dennis, in a fascinating frock of shell-pink satin, draped in crystal bugles, a handsome osprey in her hair.

Mrs. Charlesworth in a fetching gown of golden shaded nixon over satin.

Mrs. Alan Fraser, in a graceful gown of white marquise over rich white satin, with elaborate embroideries of black and cerise.

Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, in her lovely wedding robe of softest white satin and lace.

Mrs. Nightingale, looking charming in white silk embroidered net over satin of the same tone.

Mrs. Jennings, a very popular partner, in pretty rose pink satin, veiled in Dresden chiffon.

Mrs. Joseph Morris, in most becoming Paddy Green satin, with elegant sequined tunic, and some magnificent diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Scoble, who looked a picture in shimmering white satin, with an over dress of black, embroidered in silver and gold, and knots of burnt orange velvet.

Mrs. Jim Ponton in rich maize satin, swathed in Paddy Green chiffon.

Mrs. Frank Smith, in the prettiest pale blue satin frock, with silver bugle garnitures.

Mrs. Elwood Moore, who wore a striking robe of gold sequins, with touches of cerise velvet and real lace, a large white melon pon pon in her hair.

Madame Thibaudau, looking wonderfully pretty in black satin with lace and gold garnitures.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, in most becoming pale blue satin, with an over dress of fine Irish crochet, and touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty, who looked very well in black. Mrs. Griesbach, who wore a smart white satin gown, veiled in marquise.

Mrs. Ghiselin, whose toilette of black and gold was most becoming.

Mrs. Hislop, in some soft shade of green flowered marquise, with smart touches of silver.

Mrs. Frederick Jameson, of the south side, in glistening white satin, with a beaded net tunic.

Mrs. D. J. MacNamara, in her lovely Decroll gown of white satin and chiffon.

Miss Dubuc, who looked captivating in a chic little frock of embroidered chiffon over palest green satin.

Miss Nora Campbell, in a sweet and most becoming black frock.

Miss Bessie Scott, in softest white satin, the decollete arranged with a pretty gold net fasci.

Miss Lyl Scott, also in white satin, cut on the smartest and most girlish lines.

Miss Lillian Hardisty, looking very attractive in white embroidered net over white satin.

Miss Pace, Miss Jessie Belcher's visitor, in graceful white satin, veiled in dew drop net.

Miss Biggar, of Toronto, in a striking gown of green satin draped in chiffon of the same shade.

Miss Oliver, in a flame-colored satin gown with a cream Spanish lace tunic, a bandeau and osprey in her hair.

Miss Phyllis Barnes, very sweet in black, with a great bunch of violets.

Miss Forin and Miss Bessie Forin, two very handsome sisters, the first in violet satin and dew drop net, the latter in white satin.

Miss Beaufort, a young English debutante, in girlish white.

Miss Merrill, in lovely green satin, with Dresden chiffon draperies.

Miss Jessie Belcher, in a Persian voile robe in the same tones of green.

The fortnightly Cinderella dance, given by the 19th Alberta Dragoons, took place on Tuesday evening and

(Continued on Page Eight.)

"Cranford House"

FOR private sale. Three Spanish Mahogany medallion back drawing room chairs. Two lace-back Mahogany drawing-room chairs. A beautiful walnut dining-room set consisting of: 6 handsomely carved chairs. 1 square dining-table. and a long, low-backed sideboard of lovely feathered walnut. Three or four charming mahogany bookcases and drawing-room cabinets. A very handsome old Spanish mahogany rocker. One or two lovely mahogany consol tables. A long seven-ft mahogany sideboard with a low back and wine compartment drawer. One or two walnut hall tables. An exquisite solid mahogany card table (a very fine specimen) A Spanish sofa of solid mahogany with medallion-chair back. These, and many other lovely antique pieces may be seen by telephone appointment. Phone 1484 any time during the coming week.



519 SEVENTH STREET

A Fac-Simile of Board of Trade Circular of Fort George, B. C.

F
O
R
T

G
E
O
R
G
EAn
Introduction
to**FORT
GEORGE**

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Intended for the Information of the
Prospective Settler and InvestorCompliments of
Fort George Board of Trade
Aldred Avenue, Fort George, B. C.F
O
R
T

G
E
O
R
G
E

This Pamphlet, published by men vitally interested in Fort George, can be had for the asking at the office of the

Fort George & Fraser Valley Land Co., Limited

Phone 4173

CAPITAL \$300,000.00

Head Office: 790 First St. Edmonton, Alta.

THE INVESTOR

The time that Edmonton has been looking for for many years, has apparently arrived. The statistics for April show the most astounding progress. The building permits went to \$2,103,170 as compared with \$593,027 a year ago. The previous record for a single month was \$1,300,330, the figure for that in which the permit for the parliament buildings was taken out. In the present instance there was no single permit that bore a very large proportion of the total. The C.P.R. office building was the largest item but residences accounted for \$800,000. The building inspector, moreover, is of the opinion that May will outdistance April. The excavation work is proceeding for Revillon's big warehouse at the corner of Fourth and Athabasca, which is to be six storeys high. This and the Winnipeg Palace and Glass Co.'s structure on Fifth street will appear in the May list, while there are a largenumber of others in immediate prospect.

Among the buildings that have been decided upon recently are a six story office structure for the Northern Investment Co. on the site on Jasper that has been occupied by Kelly and Moore, facing Howard, an apartment block on Eleventh street, overlooking the golf links, a sixteen room public school in the Hudson's Bay reserve, four blocks to the northwest from the High school, a new All Saints Church, the site yet to be chosen, a three story building on Syndicate for Carl Henningsen, one of eight storeys on the southwest corner of Jasper and Fourth for J. H. Picard, and one of four storeys on Fourth just north of Jasper for Armstrong Brothers.

By the end of the present building season, a very great change should be brought about in the appearance of the city, particularly the central business portion.

There is no surer indication of the actual progress that is being made than the building permits, and those who were disposed to discount the story of the bank clearings are entirely disarmed. Incidentally the clearings keep up to a remarkable figure. For the month they were \$163,335,540, as compared with \$83,643,616 in April, 1911. This is four million dollars behind Calgary, whose building permits went \$1,178,300. The customs returns jumped from \$50,780 in 1911 to \$148,160, while there was a 44 per cent. increase in the stamps sold at the post office.

There have been few real estate transactions of any great consequence announced. Everyone is waiting for the sale of the Hudson's Bay Reserve, the week after next. Once this is over, the whole real estate situation is bound to become settled to an extent which has hitherto been impossible.

The Edmonton assessment for the year will reach seventy-five million. Last year for the two cities it was \$55,000,000.

W. H. Gibson, of Calgary, has applied for two acres of land in the industrial section near the penitentiary for the establishment of a box and woodenware factory.

Calgary capitalists have bought a quarter section three and a half miles south of the C.P.R. station on the south side for \$400 per acre.

A quarter of a million dollars is the price said to have been paid for the property lying on the south side of Isabella between Queen's and McDougall, being lots 82 to 87. The purchasers were Lundy and McLeod, and the vendor David McDougall, of Calgary.

P. Burns is reported to have received \$3000 an acre for 175 acres lying between the C. and E. line and the McLeod trail in the east end of Calgary.

Two old country capitalists, Count de Topor, an Austrian, who has lived for many years in Britain, and James Outram, well-known as a mountain climber, were in Edmonton this week. They have formed what is known as the Vermilion Development company, and it is their purpose to institute measures which will induce increased settlement in the Vermilion district and develop the town itself, where they propose to erect immediately a three story business structure. There is no reason why Vermilion, with the fine territory of which it is the centre and its position as a divisional point on the C. N. R. should not become a place of very considerable consequence.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, formerly of the department of trade and commerce, is on his way west, and states that he represents a syndicate with ten million dollars of British money, which it is intended to invest in industrial concerns in the West. He should find plenty of opportunities. We need money for this purpose rather than for mere speculation.

From all reports the seed is going into the ground under the very best of conditions in Alberta. The winter wheat is in perfect shape. While the autumn was such as to hold back work, the early spring has done much to make up for this. Various estimates as to the increased acreage in the province are made. Some say fifteen and others twenty-five per cent.

Even at that lower figure, with a good yield per acre, no one would have reason to complain of the progress being made. It is evident, too, that the gospel of mixed farming which has been so consistently preached, is having an effect. The grain blockade and the difficulty of getting labor at harvest time are, however, stronger factors in bringing this about than the advice of experts, sound as this is.

The C. P. R. has recently adopted a scheme of aiding farmers to launch out in mixed farming, which should have good results.

To specially selected colonists the company is prepared to lend a sum of \$2,000 for a period of ten years at 6 per cent per annum, for use in the development of their farms.

The conditions drawn up are that applicants must be married men, actually engaged in farming on a rented farm. These will be required to own, free of encumbrances, sufficient furniture, horses, cows and other live stock to enable them to go into immediate occupation of their farms in Western Canada. Thus it will be seen the scheme has largely been drawn up to meet the requirements of farmers now renting land in the middle States of America.

The applicants will be required to have sufficient capital to make their first payment of one-tenth on the land purchased and to cover the upkeep of their families for one year. They will also be required to personally visit the West and select their own farms.

The full amount of the \$2,000 loan is to be added to the purchase price of the farm and to be repaid annually in instalments on principal and interest.

An English correspondent writes:

"Mr. W. P. Bull, K.C., of Toronto, who, with Mrs. Bull and their family of six children, came over last week in the Empress of Ireland, has purchased 'Encombe,' near Folkestone, the beautiful country home of the Hon. Mrs. Sackville West, which is recognized as one of the famous Old Country seats of England. It stands in a beautifully-wooded park of twelve acres, which runs down to the sea and from its windows the shores of France are discernible on a clear day."

Mr. Bull has been a very active figure in the development of the Red Deer district, having been the means of bringing out much English capital for investment there.

The real estate situation in eastern cities continues very active. The C.N.R. land scheme in Montreal is proving a wonderful success, four million dollars worth of property having been sold by the railway in its model town behind the mountain in the first two weeks that it was for sale.

It is also said that the large purchases of acreage that have been made to the northeast of Toronto recently have been on behalf of the C. N. R., which proposes to follow a policy similar to that in Montreal. The sum of \$405,000 was recently paid for ninety acres in that district.

Thirty-four feet was sold the other day on Yonge street just south of Gerrard for \$68,000. A hundred years or so ago Peter McCaul paid the crown 20 cents a frontage foot for this property. In 1902 it was sold for \$8,000; in 1907 it changed hands at \$16,000 and last week at four times the transfer figure of five years ago.

Real estate sensations are no longer confined to the West.

Another interesting deal is noted by the Toronto papers. The corner of Queen and Bay, with 84 feet on Queen and 96 on Bay, across from the city hall, was

sold by Sir Richard Cartwright and his son for \$300,000, which is \$3,572 per foot for Queen street frontage.

Fifty feet on Garry street, Winnipeg, directly behind the Free Press building on Portage, brought \$2,000 a foot last week.

The story of the rise to great wealth of Dr. Pearsons, who died the other day in Chicago, after giving most of his money away to philanthropic purposes, is very interesting:

He went to Chicago in the early days and engaged in the real estate and money-lending business. He handled large tracts of land for corporations and private individuals and sold more than one million acres of land in Illinois alone. In seventeen years he loaned upward of \$200,000 for capitalists who employed him as their agent. But in 1877 his own business had assumed such proportions that he was obliged to give it his exclusive attention. A firm believer in the ultimate prosperity of Chicago he bought city property freely during that period of depression following the panic of 1873 and carried it until the rise in values netted him an enormous profit on his original investment.

When the financial condition of Chicago was at the lowest ebb, Dr. Pearsons rendered valuable services to the city, by actually saving the credit and reputation for honesty of the city. Elected alderman from the first ward, Dr. Pearsons was appointed chairman of the finance committee. He found the city treasury empty, depleted by acts of great extravagance. The city's indebtedness was greatly in excess of the constitutional limit and to meet the demands upon it the city had issued certificates, the legality of which was disputed in the courts. Many of these certificates had been taken by eastern bankers and other capitalists who became alarmed at the situation.

In this emergency Dr. Pearsons went to New York to confer with the financial powers on Wall street. His earnest manner and straightforward course produced a good effect. He had come officially as a member of his city's common council and privately as a capitalist and man of honor, to assure them that Chicago meant to pay its debts. He pledged his individual word and that of his city that, no matter who might be in power, and no matter how the courts might decide, Chicago was sure to meet its certificates of indebtedness, principal and interest, promptly on time, dollar for dollar. He succeeded in allaying the fears of the eastern financiers, and returned home with the knowledge that Chicago's credit was fully restored. It may be added that, although the courts decided that the much discussed certificates were practically only waste paper, the city never repudiated them, but, as Dr. Pearsons had pledged his word would be the case, all were paid in full.

"An Investor" has started a series of "Plain Talks" in Canadian Finance, of which the following is the first:

The first thing for any man who wishes to be numbered among the solid members of his community, is to save part of his income. The next thing is to deposit his savings in a safe place, a bank or a trust company. Then he may look about for some good investment—certainly not neglecting, first of all, adequate life insurance protection. As his capital increases, he may step out of the strictly investment class and be justified in placing part of it in what we may call semi-investments. If he still has enough to spare, he may indulge in a little speculation. He must always remember, however, that he should not speculate with any money that he cannot take losses. When one speculates he is necessarily taking chances. But this aspect is often neglected. Every offering which shows a probability of appreciation in value carries with it a possibility of loss as well.

A golden rule for the small investor is to do business only through reputable firms. The standing of any firm dealing in the various kinds of securities can be easily ascertained, and there is always a danger in taking too much for granted. Our advice then, is to invest through a trustworthy firm, and to use the firm's experience, knowledge and ability, in making a proper selection of securities.

Not that the investor in market securities should become a mere puppet in the hands of his brokers. He should familiarize himself thoroughly with market conditions, and know more than a little about the particular field in which his money is placed. A good financial journal—and there are several now in Canada—will aid him considerably, and if he will faithfully study its pages, week by week, he will soon realize that the value of such a paper is worth many times over the small subscription he is called upon to pay for it.

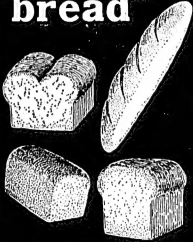
In his first venture, the writer of these articles lost all he possessed, but the experience he had to swallow was of no small value. He was young, and the sudden jolt only made him more careful for the future. It was, in fact, a blessing in disguise. But if he had been an older man, the result might have been vastly different. Instead of inciting him to newer efforts, the loss of his savings might have wrought ruin and despair. He might have become the football of misfortune, a mere drifter, a plaything of the elements surrounding him.

For this reason, no investor should invest with his eyes shut. It is not only bad for the investor himself, but it works harm to the country at large. This has been touched upon by a writer in a recent number of The Canadian Courier, and the argument is so pat, that we conclude this introductory chat by quoting him word for word:

"If the millions of dollars wasted annually in schemes of a dangerous type were properly invested, they would quicken the pulse of our industrial, commercial and financial life. They would swell the tide of our general prosperity. For instance, a million dollars thrown away in wireless telegraph or fake mining stock would mean much to the country if invested in railway bonds. It would help to finance new rolling stock, and help to carry Western farmers' wheat. Invested in good industrial bonds, the same money, rather than encouraging the dishonesty of the scoundrel, would help to make plant extensions, increase production, employ more labor, and better supply the demand."

After all, the back-bone of investment is what we may term the human element. The strength or weakness of that element, the control or lack of control of its enthusiasm, the degree of caution that figures therein, the quality of faith in our fellow men, the appreciation of our neighbor's frailties—these, and a hundred other factors constitute the life of the market. And, running through all—or almost all men—is the speculative vein that has to be taken into account.

"More bread & better bread"



PURITY FLOUR

OLD SENATORS.

Take Sir Richard Cartwright, for example, seventy-seven years old and gouty, but there's fight in the old hero yet! Prop him up against a wall, put a red sash round his middle, stick a couple of silver-mounted, muzzle-loading horse-pistols in his belt, and a pirate of the Spanish Main would have nothing on him for ferociousness. Or take Colonel the Honorable Sir Mackenzie Powell. He has had rebellions of his own to handle—if you don't believe it, ask Foster. At the prospect of a real fight, Sir Mackenzie's eighty-nine years would roll off him as lightly as a fur-lined overcoat, and he would be the young captain again who served in the Fenian troubles in 1866. Then there's Charles Eugene Boucher de Boucherville, sole survivor of the old noblesse in Quebec, ninety years old, with a strain of fighting blood that goes back to 1653, and Lieutenant-General Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Grosbois and Governor of Three Rivers. The Hon. CMrles Eugene has had a stormy time of his own. More than once he has been at close grips. His breach with Letellier is a page of history. This old war-horse, handsome, distinguished, very partisan, is still much alive and might be depended on to do something more than sniff the battle.

Sir Richard Scott must not be overlooked. His father was an officer under Wellington. The Scott family has served Canada ever since in one well-paid berth or another. Sir Richard's eighty-seven years could still be valorous on stewed chicken, fish and a generous diet of vegetables. And don't forget Lt. Col. James Danville, son of an English general, and himself a dashing cavalry officer, a Prince Rupert of debate, a very devil of a fellow. The colonel has seen more active service in more parts of the globe than any other militia colonel in Canada, and his regiment has a silver trumpet to say so.

—H. F. G., in "Toronto Star."

GLEN CAMPBELL'S JOKE.

(Toronto Saturday Night)

Glen Campbell, the big member for Dauphin in the late parliament, had as his particular chum Aleck Haggart, the member for Winnipeg. After the cyclone on the 21st of last September, Glen was left at home and Aleck made way for Hon. Robert Rogers to become Minister of the Interior. Mr. Haggart's seat was rendered vacant by appointing him postmaster of a country postoffice in Dauphin county at the salary of \$35 per year. When the genial and gigantic ex-member for Dauphin heard of this he wrote a formidable letter to the Postmaster General objecting to the appointment on three grounds: Firstly: That this appointment without his consent was an infringement of his patronage. Secondly: On account of the character of the appointee. Thirdly: On the ground that he possessed evidence to show that the appointee had been a most offensive partisan. Mr. Pelletier was very much worked up on receipt of this letter until he consulted his western colleagues. When it later on became his duty to dismiss Mr. Haggart from this "lucrative" position which he had never entered upon, Mr. Pelletier sent Mr. Haggart a copy of Glen's letter of complaint. When the two ex-members later met in Winnipeg they discussed the letter over a bottle of pop or something.

MASTER ON SUFFERANCE.

(Chicago Journal.)

The wreck of the Titanic, the floods on the Mississippi, and now the cyclone in Indiana and Illinois are three reminders somewhat close together—that man's boast of the mastery of the earth is mostly a boast, after all.

Man has done some rather notable things with Mother Earth. He has made her yield food for millions where nature grew a scant supply for hundreds. He has found and rifled her treasure houses of metal and coal. He has crossed her mountains, spanned her seas with telegraph wires, invaded the air, harnessed the streams, tamed the forests.

All these things and many more, man has managed to do—so long as nature is in good humor. But when nature's temper changes, man's fair weather mastery disappears.

Icebergs crackle his "unsinkable" ships as if they were bark canoes. Harnessed rivers break their traces, and run riot over the country side. Mountains fling their avalanches on the traveller's head, the air becomes a demon of destruction, the earth turns over in her sleep and crushes a city to ruin.

Those who wonder how man will employ his energies when all the earth has been brought into subjection are beginning their worries too soon.

It may interest our descendants of two thousand years hence; but it has no practical importance for us.

THE NEW PACIFIC.

"The New Pacific" is the title given to a paper by T. Miller Maguire, Barrister of Inner Temple, London, and member of the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan. The paper was read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute.

Mr. Maguire's views respecting the world-wide importance of the possession of national power on the Pacific, are pretty well set forth in the two paragraphs, taken from his lengthy paper.

"Nearly one-half of the human race," writes Mr. Maguire, "lived in countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean in 1900—the numbers will soon be more than one-half. Indeed, while on the Asiatic side the population may be overcrowded, and would emigrate in vast numbers, and if allowed would throw into Canada and the United States, the American and Australasian territories are under-populated and their cry is for more labor, while the cry of the yellow-race is for more work—more employment, and they are strong and willing workers for small wages."

"In truth, the Pacific has become, in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century, what the Atlantic was in the days of Elizabeth and the Mediterranean in the epoch of the Punic Wars and the Crusades—to wit, the strategic centre of mankind—and, as I ventured to prophesy when Japan challenged and defeated China, it became the scene of marvellous military and naval developments, and the ascendancy of the white races would be rudely challenged also."

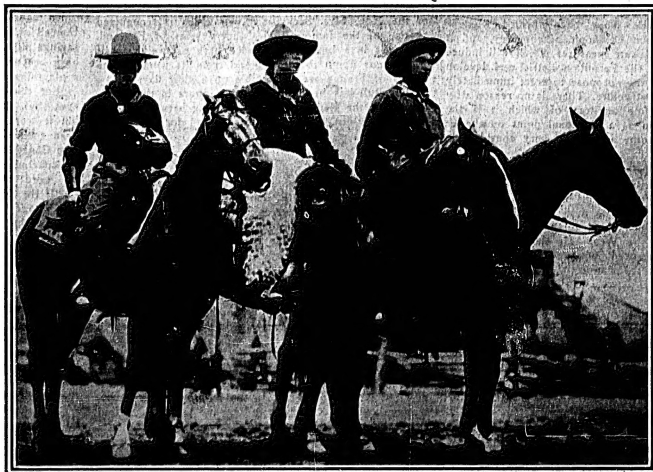
John Gilmore has dug up the following story for The Kansas City Journal, which he says the late Eugene F. Ware used to tell with great glee on every occasion that was suitable:

A young fellow went west and got into a boom town, where he was made president of an electric light company, of a street railway company, of a water company and a bank. The boom collapsed after a while, and the electric lights went out and the waterworks dried up, and at last the bank broke. The depositors who lost, gathered one evening, purchased a rope, and went to all on the young man. When they made their presence known he stepped calmly into the verandah and said: "Gentlemen, I haven't got a dollar. You will never get a dollar. The thing left for you is to cut me into little pieces and pass me around." The man's audacity silenced the crowd for a moment, and then a thin voice in the rear piped out: "Fellow-citizens, in the distribution of this seacock I want his gall."



MEAN PROFITS.

Coal Merchant (to Miner): "Look here, my friend, I'm against strikes, I am; but the more threats of 'em you can give me, the better it suits my books." Published by special arrangement—Punch.



WAITING FOR THE MEXICAN INSURGENTS.

Texas Rangers of the type which are guarding the American side of the Rio Grande against possible depredations.

Call and See Our List in . . GARNEAU

Apply

C. A. LOWE

637 FIRST STREET

PHONE 4811

National Realty & Investment Co. Ltd.
Financial, Insurance & Estate Agents

Money to Loan

on City Residential Property at Lowest Current Rates

Agents for the
LAW UNION and ROCK INSURANCE Co.

FIRE, ACCIDENT and SICKNESS EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, AUTOMOBILE and all other lines.

PHONE 1181 DOMINION BANK BUILDING
EDMONTON

Every Eddy Match is a Sure Safe Match

IT is made of first quality materials by skilled workmen and mechanically perfect machines, and carries with it the Eddy guarantee that it's a sure light.

ALWAYS make sure you are well supplied with Eddy's matches because "if you're sure they're Eddy's, you're sure they're right."

EDDY'S Matches are always full M. M. count—good dealers everywhere keep them.

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED
Hull, Canada. Makers also of Paper, Paper Bags, Toilet Paper, Tissue Towels, Etc.

Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old Port

A Bottle of Good Sherry

A Bottle of 50 year old Brandy

A Bottle of 25 year old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.
Phone 1911 246 Jasper Ave. E.

City Flour Mills

When wanting your next sack of

FLOUR, ask for

"WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all Grocers and Flour Dealers. Every sack guaranteed.
Campbell & Ottewill

Turner's Orchestra

FOR DANCES ETC.

785 14th St. Phone 2088



PERFECT EASE and comfort—always the most popular feature of C/C à la Grace Corsets—is more important than ever since the present trend of fashion is toward the natural figure.



à la Grace CORSETS

have never sacrificed comfort for fads or extremes of style. Each model is designed to preserve the natural poise of the figure and give flexibility and freedom—at the same time meeting fashion's requirements. Many models—all sizes—one that just fits YOU.

The best stores sell them.

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.

Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.

Capital Paid Up \$6,000,000

Reserve Fund \$6,000,000

Capital Subscribed \$6,000,000

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West.

Your Savings Account is Solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

THE BATTLE WITH DISEASE.

(R. A. Bray, in the "Daily News," London.)

The steady fall in the death-rate and the general improvement in the health of the community during the last half century are due in the main to two causes—the increasing employment of sanitary measures to prevent disease, and the increasing use of the knife to extirpate disease where it has occurred. Sanitation and surgery, these are the weapons of defence of which modern science has most reason to be proud, in spite of the fortunes made by the vendors of patent pills, and notwithstanding the continued desire of the people to have their bodies drenched with drastic drugs, there has been little advance in the art of healing through the aid of medicine.

There have been innumerable volumes devoted to the subject of sanitation, but hitherto there has been published no book which has explained in a popular manner the methods and achievements of modern surgery. This gap in our literature of useful information has now been filled by Dr. Saleeby's admirable treatise. It would have been difficult to have selected an author better fitted to undertake the task. Dr. Saleeby has knowledge, enthusiasm, the power of

clear and vigorous writing, and that freedom from the bondage of medical etiquette which can only be enjoyed by a doctor who is not engaged in the practice of his art.

Causes of Progress.

It is commonly supposed that the surgeon of to-day is immeasurably superior in operative skill to his brother of half a century ago. Dr. Saleeby points out that there is no reason to believe this to be the case. Advance in surgery has owed little or nothing to the increasing dexterity of the surgeon. There have been two causes of progress.

Less than one hundred years ago surgery continued to be what it had always been—a desperate remedy for desperate diseases. Two enemies had to be fought, each in vain. The first was the enemy of pain, for which no efficient drug existed; the second was inflammation, the causes of which were unknown, and which not the most skillful operators could control in any degree at all. . . . Within one quarter of a century the two enemies of the surgeon, hitherto unaffiliated, were conquered for all time. The introduction of chloroform in 1847 banished the pain of the operation, and the use of carbolic acid in 1868 removed the danger of the inflammation which usually followed.

The first was a discovery complete in itself, the second marked the first steps in a long line of advance.

With the prevention of inflammation, following an operation, two names will be for ever associated—Pasteur and Lister. The first proved that the inflammation was due to an invasion of microbes, the second showed how that invasion could be prevented.

Dangers of Dirt.

There are, as Dr. Saleeby tells us, only one or two vital points in the human body. If he keeps clear of these, the surgeon can do practically what he likes without risking the life of a patient. He may open the body and remove the appendix or yards of the intestine. He may explore the brain and extirpate centres of intolerable pain. He may sew up the heart, may break and straighten crooked bones, or may hew his way through solid flesh to deep-seated ulcers and effect a cure. And he may do all these things safely provided always that he keeps out dirt; and the dirt that he keeps out must be the dirt that he cannot see.

This dirt which he cannot see, and which is yet fatal if it reach the wound, consists of microbes. Microbes are everywhere, on the patient's skin, on the surgeon's hands; they float innumerable in the air, they fall from the mouths of all present, they swarm on the hair and on the clothes. How to render these microbes innocuous, this was the problem Lister set himself and solved.

Two stages mark the solution of the problem. If the microbes are everywhere, it would seem impossible to prevent them dropping upon the wound. All that could be done would appear to be the slaying of the invaders as they arrived. Carbolic acid kills microbes; flood the wound with carbolic and no microbe will live to endanger the patient's life. Such was the beginning of antiseptic surgery.

It was successful, but not completely successful. The microbes were slain, the inflammation avoided, but the copious use of carbolic had its disadvantages. Carbolic acid is a poison, it destroys tissue, delays healing, and causes other undesirable consequences. There remained the alternative of keeping out the microbe, or of operating in a microbe-proof shelter. This is the achievement of antiseptic surgery, there is here no need to provide means of killing the microbe as he alights, because there is no microbe left to alight at all. Dr. Saleeby shows how this apparently impossible task is performed with complete success in all the great operating rooms in the country.

The last enemy of the surgeon is dirt, and that enemy has now been overcome. The conquest of dirt, whether in surgery or in sanitation, is adding, and is destined to add, years to the life of the community. Everywhere it has its application; the victory of the Japanese over the Russians, of a small people over a large, was mainly due to their conquest of dirt. "When a naval engagement was imminent the Japanese sailors were all ordered to take a bath with some disinfectant, and to don clean, freshly boiled underclothing." Wounds under these conditions lost half their dangers.

Popular Surgery.

A man in ordinary health, the author tells, may now undergo an operation with no more danger than that incurred in a journey across London in a taxicab. It is desirable that this reasoned opinion should be made known as widely as possible. Medical inspection of school children has revealed the need of innumerable small operations. There is still among parents much fear of the surgeon's knife, and that fear is a real obstacle in the battle with disease.

A second obstacle, as the author points out, in the way of the popularization of surgery, is expense. The great surgeons at the hospitals give their services free; they must therefore make their living by high fees exacted from patients who pay. The poor are provided for; the rich can afford to pay; but those who are not included in either of the classes find the cost of an operation almost prohibitive.

These two obstacles the future must overcome, and Dr. Saleeby, in his admirable work, has done much to show how this can be done.

A MIX-UP

Typewriter to the pencils said,
"Now will you tell me, please,
Why, when I have no doors nor locks
I have so many keys?"

"We do not know," the pencils said;
"It's queer as quadruped!
But can you tell us why we wear
Our rubbers on our heads?"



THE LOUNGER

"A multi-millionaire in a fashionable restaurant," she said, "pointed to a line on the menu and said to the waiter:
"I'll have some of that, please."
"I'm sorry, sir," the waiter answered, "but the band is playing that."

Byles—"Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist, and I believe he is."
Bontor—"I wouldn't like to go as far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being."

"He drinks heavily."
"I know it."
"He gambles."
"I am going to marry him to reform him."
"My girl, listen to me. Try one experiment before you do that."
"What experiment?"
"Take in a week's washing to do, and see how you like it."

Nora—"When I was in the country last fall I used to take long walks for my complexion every day."
Maudie—"That's the worst of the country, my dear. It's always such a distance to the nearest drug store."



SET STORMY.

Liberal By-Election Candidate: "I say, this looks pretty hopeless. Still going down."
Mr. Lloyd George: "Oh! It'll be all right in a few years."

Liberal By-Election Candidate: "Yes; but I've got to go out now."

It takes a bright mind to appreciate a blessing in disguise.

"I am pleased to meet you again," he said.
"Thank you," replied the lady who had once been his wife.
"How are the children?"
"What children?"
"Ours."
"We never had any."
"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me. I mistook you for someone else."

Mother—I really think you'll be happier if you married a man who has less money.
Daughter—Don't worry, mother; he will have less in a very short time.

"What you need is outdoor exercise."
"But a man can't take outdoor exercise at this season, Doc. It's too cold to sit on the bleachers now. And besides, the games haven't started yet."

"Yes, my first husband was a nice enough man, but that lazy," said Mrs. Jones, the washerlady, in a reminiscent tone. "Oh, he was lazy."
The mistress of the house smiled invitingly.
"How do you mean he was lazy?" she asked.
"Well, you remember that awful snow storm we had the first winter I worked for you, mum?"

"Yes."
"That there husband of mine was too lazy to go out and sweep the snow off the path, so he just hid in the front room and piddled the baby's ear until the neighbors came in to see what the dear little thing was howling for. You see, mum, they trod the snow down!"
—London Answers.

Willis—Why do you call your machine a "she"?



IN THE HOUSE OF HER FRIENDS

"To think that, after all these years I should be the first Martyr!"

Published by special agreement—Punch

Gillis—It is said to be the "last word" in automobile construction.—Judge.

"You must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.
"When will I be old enough to, mamma?" asked the little girl.

Among the stories told of the late Baron de Rothschild is one which details how a "change of heart" once came to his valet—an excellent fellow, albeit a violent "red."

Alphonse was as good a servant as one would wish to employ, and as his socialism never got farther than attending a weekly meeting, the baron never objected to his political faith. After a few months of these permissions to absent himself from duty, his employer noticed one week that he did not ask to go. The baron thought Alphonse might have forgotten the night, but when the next week told the same story, he inquired what was up. "Sir," said the valet, with utmost dignity, "some of my former colleagues have worked out a calculation that if all the wealth in France were divided equally per capita, each individual would be the possessor of two thousand francs."

Then he stopped as if that told the whole story, so said the baron, "What of that?"
"Sir," came back from the enlightened Alphonse, "I have five thousand francs now."—Lippincott's.

The inexperienced candidate had had a hard time. He had been severely heckled, and his temper was at breaking point.

"Gentlemen," he said, presently, in exasperation, "Herodotus tells us—"
"Which side is he on?" came a voice from the crowd. But the candidate was determined to have his way. "Herodotus tells us," he went on firmly, "of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of a single ass."

Then the crowd applauded, and the young man thought that at last he had scored. But his triumph was shortlived, for again came a voice from the crowd, this time in a resigned tone.

"Young man," it said, quietly, "go ahead; this army's been tested."

Roderick J. McKenzie, the wealthy Canadian turfman, has purchased the trotting track at Pleasanton, about 40 miles from San Francisco. The property occupies 107 acres, and there are some 200 harness horses now in training there, including McKenzie's stables of about 25 fast ones that will go through the Grand Circuit this year. S. S. Bailey, the former owner, gave \$65,000 for the grounds a few months ago, and while the millionaire from Winnipeg has made no definite statement regarding his plans, it is understood that he will erect a grand stand and club, besides other improvements.



THE HELPERS' LEAGUE.

British Lion (to Russian Bear): "I join you, though under protest. After all, we undertook to act together."
Persian Cat (diminishing): "If I may quote from the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, this understanding 'can only serve to further and promote Persian interests, for henceforth Persia, aided and assisted by these two powerful neighboring States, can employ all her strength in internal reforms.'"
By special arrangement—"Punch." (Prepares to expire.)

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from Page Three.)

With tears in his voice and eyes he tells us the mother "she had been dead these eight years."

He has tried to do his duty, but a look at him shows him to be one of life's ineffectuals.

Next father is one of God's Good Men. He brings up his boys by locking the door, providing them with unexceptional reading, varied with a dose of the strap. In response to Mr. Gray's questioning as to what he does to make home a happy place for his boys to live in, we learn all this:

"Does he make chums of his boys?"

"Well, not exactly." He too, though "has tried to do his duty."

I see that that appears to be the rock of offense.

In doing "their duty," these fathers have forgotten to be human. They have forgotten the long-ago days when they too were boys. The call of the woods and the fields has gone by for them. Pistols are just pistols, caves a hole in the ground, adventure, crime pure and simple.

We are at the crux of the problem. Another sick, indulgent mother is willing to take her boy away to the States if he is let off. He has always been a good, obedient boy at home, and never given her any trouble. Yet he is the ringleader of the gang, and a clever, plotting young scoundrel. He came in often long after she and her husband had retired—yet—an obedient boy!

Now that he is in trouble, the mother instinct is all alive. She is ready to do battle royal to keep him with her. To take him on to another land to shift the responsibility.

I hardly follow the reasoning.

The judges in passing sentence don't appear to either, and after long consultation commit him for three years to the Reformatory at Portage.

The discipline they hope will yet make a man of him. It is good to hear this little tribunal arguing what will be best for all concerned. Reform, a decent chance, and not punishment, is their motto. The boys might very well be their own boys. Their judgments are based on individual cases and circumstances. If home conditions are all wrong, the children are turned over to the Children's Aid Society, and good, foster homes found for them. If they find a lad is beyond control, and developing into a criminal, they place him where he will learn a trade, and be properly directed and disciplined.

Such is the work of the Juvenile Court. Rather, I should say, such is the initial part of it.

The onerous portion commences with the following up of the cases. Here the big demands are made on time and judgment.

What becomes of the youngsters turned over to the Shelter, I shall tell you of next week.

As a result of my afternoon in the Juvenile Court I have come away with many serious thoughts.

I have seen in practical working order an institution or tribunal, that as nearly approaches an ideal system of dealing with wayward children, as any humanitarian could desire. I have seen a little band of devoted men giving of their time and interest to try and make of the youngsters who come under their notice, what their parents, with all their vested and natural authority, seem unable to do.

I think too, I have seen the mind of the Boy, as I have not understood it up to the present. And I know I have had an insight into the tragedy of a misguided or careless parenthood, such as I am not likely to forget.

Does your boy smoke cubebs?

Does he steal?

Does he lie?

Does he frequent down town resorts?

Does he turn in at any old hour?

How many of you know, if you told the truth?

Who are his companions?

What are his occupations to keep him out of mischief?

Why I know a lot of boys, your boys, who are no better than the little chaps who had to take their medicine in court that day. They come around with milk and bread tickets taken from home. They have money they "found." They are bullies.

Many of you don't know your own boys as well as I know them.

You don't talk to them and tell them how mean it is to kick a fellow when he's down.

You don't make him perform his share of the work about the house, so taking an interest in it.

You don't make a chum of him.

You don't give him half a chance.

The schools, too, fall down with the boy in these regards.

You are both educating him, but, by crickets, you're not trying to make a man of him. Shall I tell you that the day the biggest thief of the lot returned to McKay Avenue school, nearly every boy was wanting to lend him his "bike," to give him marbles, to generally hang around.

He was the big man of the day.

Why?

Because the average boy has no proper idea of what courage, or true manliness is; you having never taught him.

He worships adventure. He bows down to the other boy who isn't afraid. He thinks stealing rather smart; lying, clever.

Oh can't you see that you are the thief, the liar, the coward. You, before this boy, thought these thoughts, did these deeds. God gave you a bit of clay to mold. It was plastic. How have you marred it by neglect and foolish indulgence?

Pull up. The devil wants your boy. He wants mine.

Boys are only babies a bit grown. They are very tender inside the little hard, brown, dirty skin. Poor, poor little would-be adventurers, sighing for fresh worlds to conquer!

A few hours in your own back-yards to nail; a jaunt in the country with you, their father, for guide.

Why these, and a little chumming would make the world sing for them.

Get out with them.

Let the teachers in the schools skip a lesson occa-

sionally to tell them what the Lord looks upon as a real man.

It isn't a slick business operator. It isn't a blasphemous gentleman. It isn't a liar, a thief, or a bully. It is a man with eyes that are unfraid. A Major Butt, who looks after the women and children, and not a Napoleon, a wholesale murderer.

New ideals, gentlemen!

Get out and get acquainted with your boy. Your money won't profit him. Your "Harrer and Trinity" are ashes, unless your boy has a moral constitution to build upon.

Good luck to you and a chance for him.

Peggy

HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Four.)

was very much enjoyed by the small crowd who were present. Lynch's orchestra furnished splendid music, and the floor could not have been better.

Dr. and Mrs. Farquharson's friends will extend them their deepest sympathy in the death of the former's mother, which took place on Tuesday evening last week, at Dr. Farquharson's home in Edmonton. Her death was the result of an operation. Dr. Farquharson accompanied the body to his mother's old home in Halifax, leaving on Wednesday.

Major Lipsett, of Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, left Edmonton en route home on Monday morning.

Mr. James Brennand and Mr. Frank Sommerville were hosts of a jolly little dinner at the Corona on Saturday, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Bowker.

Mr. Robert Mays has bought the Bowker residence on 15th street, and moves in next week.

Mrs. Stockand, her mother, Mrs. Cameron and the former's small boys, left on Monday to spend the summer at the Coast.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens gave a pretty luncheon of twelve covers, for Mrs. Archie Ogilvie of Portage la Prairie on Saturday. Daffodils and ferns quenched it in the cheery living room, while the table itself was aglow with the same brilliant spring-like blossoms.

Those who sat down to the happy feast were:

Mrs. Ogilvie, Mrs. Kenrick, Mrs. Archibald Ponton, Mrs. Harold Richards, Mrs. Ervine, Mrs. T. A. Blackburn, Mrs. Reggie Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Arthur Archibald and Mrs. Kerr of the South Side.

Mrs. O. C. Edwards who has been Mrs. Bulyea's guest at Government House for a week convalescing after her recent serious illness went over to the South Side to stay with her son, Prof. Edwards, on Thursday.

Although it was a miserable, cold, drizzling day on Tuesday, forty or fifty members of the Women's Canadian club of Edmonton gathered in All Saints school-room to hear Prof. O'Reilly of Toronto University, discourse on "Village Life in Egypt."

They had their reward. Once within hearing of the lecturer's voice, clouds were lost in sunshine, and the rain and cold of the out-of-doors only existed to throw into sharper contrast the sparkle and geniality of his delightful talk on conditions as he has personally experienced them in the far-away land of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Many things he told us to marvel at, this young deliver into the secrets of world-old civilizations. Of domestic arrangements where a pot and a water bottle represented all the cooking complexities of a household of sometimes fifty and sixty members.

A land very much of do-as-you-please. No Mrs. Grundy. Life reduced to its simplest form.

Only too soon he let the curtain fall, to send us home contentedly patting ourselves on the back. I suppose that we were women of a wonderful advanced West, and not slaves to be purchased at fifty per cent less, as the Lord had favored us with good looks or so.

Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Saunders thanked Dr. Currelly in a few well-chosen words, after which Mrs. Williamson Taylor entertained a little gathering to tea at the "Blue Moon."

Mr. Norman Soars left on Saturday to join his wife in Montreal, remaining there about two weeks before proceeding on a trip to his old home in England. Mrs. Soars will accompany him.

Before returning home from their visit with the Dramatic club to Ottawa, Miss Forsythe and Miss Jean MacIsaac will spend some time visiting friends in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Jennings are entertaining a supper party after "The Slim Princess" on Saturday night.

Many friends will learn with sincere regret, that Dr. and Mrs. James Biggar leave shortly to make their home at the Coast. Dr. Biggar having decided to take up chicken ranching outside of Vancouver.

The marriage of Mr. Kenneth Bolman and Miss Bleasdale will take place early in June.

Mrs. Brunton will receive on Tuesday and not again this season.

Mrs. Hurd entertained about twenty at tea at the Blue Moon on Thursday. Mrs. Alan Fraser was the hostess of another merry party.

Mrs. J. H. Morris will receive on Tuesday.

CUSTOM CLOTHING

WHEN you buy your clothing here you have the satisfaction of knowing that you get the best that can possibly be had. We stick to this with steadfast devotion.

Our assortment of suitings is conspicuous for its Excellence and Stylishness. Men in all walks of life may garb themselves here with perfect good taste.

There are style hints here worth having. Your clothing is the first thing another person sees. He doesn't carefully note your trousers, but he takes in the general effect, and judges you accordingly.

Spring models in suits are styled with all the cleverness, and tailored with all the elegance that the most discriminating could hope or ask for.

La Fleche Bros.

"ALWAYS RELIABLE"

118 Jasper Ave West

Edmonton

"Cranford House"



Antique furniture.
fine old china and rare
silver and Sheffield
Plate, bought and
sold.

519 SEVENTH ST.

Gather Roses while you may

runs the old Song

We have a good supply at present

Red-White Pink Sweet Peas

a plentiful supply.

Nice fresh

Lettuce

PHONE 1292

WALTER RAMSAY FLORIST

THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO. LTD.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 Rice Street

Phone 1885

CITIZEN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 110 WINDSOR BLOCK

2 1/2 cents a day; \$1.50 for three months' subscription.

Hours: 9.30 to 11 a.m.; 1.30 to 6.30 p.m.

Tuesday and Saturday evening, 8 to 10.30 p.m.



Rings Made in Edmonton

We have an attractive stock of Rings made by our skilled workmen in our own factory.

Beautifully designed settings, mounted with Diamonds as well as a collection of CAMEO Rings that you will enjoy seeing.

ASH BROS.

DIAMOND HALL
111 Jasper Ave. West
DIAMOND HALL
Branch—650 Namay Avenue

Afternoon Gowns

Dinner Gowns

Evening Gowns

Lovely Shot Chiffon

Taffetas

Blue Peking Stripes

Latest Shades in Minerva Satins

FORBES-TAYLOR Co.

Costumers
233 Jasper W.

The Store Of Quality

Hallier & Aldridge's Br ad means all that good Bread should mean.

There's a reason, people appreciate quality and cleanliness. Try our

Mothers Bread

Made only by

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE

Phone 1327 223 Jasper E.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Do you want the best results from your films?

If so mail them to us. Quick service guaranteed.

THE CYRUS LAY CO. - 7

Box 217 EDMONTON

Large Virginia Plantation with Mansion House, near Richmond. A big bargain. The land of sunshine, wealth and happiness. Write to Anton H. Thiermann, Richmond, Va.